

The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF ASCLEPIADUS.

HERACLIA, thou lamp, swore solemnly thrice in thy presence
She would come, but came not. Lamp, now, if thou art a god,
Punish the false one, and when with her love she fondly is toying,
Be thou extinguish'd at once,—give her no ray of thy light. J. O.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

THIS favourite place of amusement opens on Monday next in a most ambitious manner. The opera of *Don Giovanni* has been chosen to exhibit and certify the capabilities of the new company. Mr. Maddox could have selected no fitter work to do so. Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre* is sufficient to test the capabilities of the greatest artists and the best company in the world.

As we must henceforth look upon the Princess's as the real "English Opera House," we are pleased to find that the manager is pursuing the only course by which the works of native musicians can be fairly tested. He has brought together first-rate materials for a good working company; he has got one of the most accomplished musicians in England as the director of music and conductor of the orchestra; he has secured all the available talent, and, with one or two exceptions, the best in the country; and he *has promised* the aid of a "powerful band and a powerful chorus." We have printed the word "promised" in italics, not because we doubt Mr. Maddox's word, but simply because we think that our notion and his of an efficient band and chorus are widely different. The company announced as belonging to the Princess's include the names of Messrs. W. Harrison, Allen, and Williams, tenors; Messrs. Weiss, Herman, Corri, Burdini, Borani, &c., basses; and the Mesdames Anna Thillon, Nau, Louisa Pyne, Poole, Weiss, soprani; and Madame Macfarren, contralto. This is an excellent working company for an English opera; but we contend they will be but half available unless supported by a good orchestra. *Good ORCHESTRA!* Yes, Mr. Loder knows what we mean. We do not require a Royal Italian band, nor a Philharmonic band, but simply an efficient band;—but it must be efficient, and each performer should be a workman. We know not Mr. Maddox's plans on this head, but that he may not spoil, or nullify so excellent a vocal corps, we tell him openly he must provide a better orchestra than he did last year. It remains with the manager of the Princess's Theatre whether he establishes, or not, his theatre as the English Opera House of London.

Of the company above-named, two will make their *début* on the English stage, *viz.*, Madame Macfarren and Miss Louisa Pyne. Of the former lady our highly favourable opinions have been frequently expressed in the pages of the *Musical World*. Of Miss Louisa Pyne, whom we only know as a graceful and elegant concert singer, rumour speaks in terms of sounding praise. She appeared at Boulogne a few weeks

since,—we believe, her initiative essay on the stage,—as Amina in *Sonnambula*, and created the greatest enthusiasm. Indeed the eulogiums of the journals were lavish and ultra-laudatory; whether they were extravagant or not time will certify.

Miss Louisa Pyne will *début* at the Princess's in Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*. The music and acting of Zerlina will give us a taste of Miss Louisa Pyne's vocal and histrionic capabilities. Her next part will be in Macfarren's new opera, *The King of Hearts*, which is now in rehearsal, and will be produced the second or third week from the opening of the theatre.

Mr. W. Harrison will be a great acquisition to the Princess's. We doubt the policy of his playing *Don Giovanni*, from which he is somewhat incapacitated by voice, manner, feeling, and taste; but, nevertheless, we have no doubt he will be an immense favourite.

Mr. Allen and Mr. Weiss are old favorites, and will be welcomed as such.

Three new works are announced in the bills, by Macfarren, Signor Schirra, and Edward Loder. Macfarren's opera will be the first produced. It is a comic opera, and founded on the comedy of *Charles the Second*. Its title is *The King of Hearts*.

If we are to judge from all we hear, nothing less than the greatest possible success can be anticipated from Macfarren's new opera. It is described to us by several who have heard it more than once, as abounding in melodic beauties of the most striking and captivating kind; as instinct with tune from beginning to end; and as a perfect and complete work.

Of Mr. Loder's opera we know no more than that it is founded on the popular story of Monk Lewis's *Agnes, or the Bleeding Nun*, is to be called *Agnes and Raymond*, and is not yet finished. From the accomplished composer of *Giselle* we may expect a treat of no ordinary kind.

Of Signor Schirra's opera we know still less. It is founded on Scott's *Kenilworth Castle*, and the libretto is, or is to be, furnished by Mr. Fitzball.

Halevy's opera, the *Val d'Andorre*, is also promised in Mr. Maddox's announcement.

Thus far all looks well. The manager has the game in his hands—it remains to be seen how he will play his cards. *The King of Hearts* is, at all events, likely to prove an Honour.

THE PRIMA DONNA AND FRENCH GALLANTRY.

(From the "Nationale" of Florence.)

THE singer, Madame Rebussini, had been loudly applauded for some time past by the French who crowd the Argentina theatre. The *rondeau* of *Marion Faliero* one evening excited the most enthusiastic applause, in the midst of which a French captain threw a bouquet on the stage from his box. The singer did not pick it up, but as soon as she had retired behind the scenes she sent a servant to pick it up; she re-ap-

peared afterwards, but without the bouquet. The French officers were offended at this, and resolved upon revenge for the affront. Next evening the theatre was nearly full of French; there were only about 100 Romans in the pit, and very few in the boxes, which had almost all been taken by the French. After the *rondeau*, the bouquet, as before, fell before the feet of the singer, who made her exit without picking it up. Immediately, the French drew whistles from their pockets, and commenced a most terrific concert, mingled with cries of "Take the bouquet!" All the Romans who were in the theatre, on the contrary, applauded, and cried, "Bravo! bravo! no! no! Show them our sympathy!" At last the Romans, seeing that the French officers persisted, left the theatre; the French desisted, and the act of *Columella* began. About fifty Romans then re-entered, when the French recommenced their clamours; a Roman then exclaimed, "Let all Italians leave the place!" But instructions had been given to the gendarmes who were at the door, and who prevented the Romans from leaving. Meanwhile, some French officers, having taken the stage by assault, forced the singer to appear with the bouquet, the cause of so much tumult. Madame Rebussini appeared pale and dishevelled, with tears in her eyes; she held the bouquet in her left hand. The French then loudly applauded, in the midst of the whistles of the Romans, and of the violent apostrophes they had addressed to the singer who had been weak enough to give way. This little history, for the present, has had no further consequences.

MEYERBEER.

THIS celebrated composer was born at Berlin, the 5th September, 1794. His father, John Beer, a rich landholder, had several children, one of whom afterwards became a dramatic poet of much merit, and the author of a celebrated tragedy, entitled "The Pariah." His brother, Jacques Meyerbeer, also gave early indications of that dramatic genius, which, united with his musical talent, has made him one of the most effective composers of the day. He enjoyed, through his father's affection and foresight, the advantages of an extensive and liberal education, and soon became remarkable above all for his musical taste. At seven years of age he already performed on the piano at public concerts; but it was not until he had reached the age of fifteen that he commenced his deeper and more scientific musical studies. He was fortunate in his choice of a master. The Abbé Vogler, who was one of the greatest theorists, and certainly one of the first organists in Germany, had opened a school, which was numerously attended, and amongst the fellow pupils of Meyerbeer were young men whose names are now never spoken of but with the deepest admiration; such as Weber, Winter, Knecht, Ritter, Gaensbacher, &c., and the first of these was Meyerbeer's bosom friend. With such worthy subjects for emulation, it is not wonderful that the young musician's genius daily expanded. At eighteen years of age he produced his first opera, *La Fille de Jephé*. In this production all the ancient scholastic rules were strictly observed. It obtained a fair portion of success, and the Abbé Vogler, in his enthusiasm, signed the *brevet* of a *mäestro* for the young composer, adding his blessing, and giving up his tutelage.

At Vienna, Meyerbeer appeared as a pianist; he acquired such a reputation, that he was entrusted with the composition of an opera for the Court, entitled *The Two Caliphs*. This, however, was a complete failure. Italian music was, at that period, in the highest vogue, and Salieri, the author, a great friend of young Meyerbeer, advised his travelling in Italy, to

acquire a style of composition more in unison with the prevailing taste. Once arrived there, the Italian music fascinated his imagination. Delighted with the sweet and flowing melodies and varied manner of Rossini's *Tancredi*, he immediately adopted this style, and wrote an opera for the famous Pisaroni, entitled, *Romilda e Costanza*, which he brought out in Padua, 1817, and which was very successful. In 1819, he wrote the music for Metastasio's *Semiramide Riconosciuta*, and brought it out at the Grand Theatre of Turin; the same year, at Venice, he produced *Emma di Resburgo*, and both were extremely well received. In 1821, Meyerbeer, not unmindful of his native city, and anxious to redeem his fame, wrote, in the Italian style, *La Porte de Brandebourg*, to be performed at Berlin, but he could not succeed in getting it produced there. He was more fortunate in his *Emma di Resburgo*: it was translated, and performed at all the German theatres, in spite of the violent opposition of that school of composers to which he had a short time before belonged. Even Weber deplored the change of style of his friend, and, while *Emma* was performed at the Italian Opera-house, brought forth again *The Two Caliphs* at the German Theatre, hoping to throw the balance in favor of Meyerbeer's earliest production. Meanwhile our composer produced another opera—*Margherita d'Anjou*—at the Scala at Milan; and in this, Levasseur, now a distinguished artist at the Grand Opera at Paris, made his *début*. *L'Esule di Granata* followed—the first act was hissed on the first performance, by a cabal formed against the composer; a fine duet between Lablache and Pisaroni, however, carried the audience by storm, and on the subsequent nights its success was undoubted. One of Meyerbeer's best compositions, *Il Crociata in Egitto*, sustained by the united talent of Madame Meric-Lalande, Velluti, and Crivelli, obtained a more brilliant success than any of his preceding works, and the composer was crowned by the audience. This opera, after making the tour of the Italian theatres, was performed at Paris, whither Meyerbeer himself, at the invitation of M. de la Rochefoucauld, repaired. Every one remembers the effect that Velluti produced in this opera.

Our composer had married in 1827, but the death of his two children threw a gloom over this part of his life; he passed two years in retirement, and it was doubtless during this time that he brought forth those compositions of a more serious cast which have so highly distinguished him as a composer of sacred music. Amongst them we may remark the *Stabat Mater*, *Miserere*, *Te Deum*, and an oratorio, entitled *Dieu et la Nature*. But the effect of all these compositions were only a shadowing forth of the brilliant success of *Robert le Diable*, brought out in Paris in 1831. This splendid music did more towards raising the reputation of our composer than all his previous works. Admirably adapted for popularity by its stirring melodies, and, above all, its strongly marked contrasts and dramatic effects, it seized immediate hold of the imagination. Repetition and study were not needed to advance its claims, for it addressed itself to the sight, to the fancy, and the heart as much as to the ear; and though evidencing the most intense labour, it had every quality for attracting the vulgar mind. The composition of the *Huguenots*, brought out five years later, must have been a work of considerable difficulty, for an enormous reputation was to be sustained in a production of the same *calibre* and pretensions. The success of the *Huguenots* did not perhaps equal that of *Robert le Diable*, but it was felt and understood as a work of genius.

Certainly the best operas of Meyerbeer are those he has written for the French stage. In his native country he has

been unfortunate; having returned there after a great lapse of years, his most ambitious production since his stay there has been the *Camp of Silesia*, of which so many different opinions have been given. But it is beyond a doubt that this opera is inferior in every respect to the productions we have mentioned; and this is testified by the infrequency of its performance at Berlin; the reason given by the King of Prussia—that of wishing to reserve it for state occasions alone—appearing to be merely as a feint to conceal the comparative failure of a composer so highly esteemed.

More lately, the production of his last work, the *Prophète*, has, we think, added to, rather than diminished, his great reputation. The *Prophète* may not have, perhaps, the grand moments of the *Huguenots*, nor does it abound in the stirring melodies of the *Robert le Diable*. It is, nevertheless, a more equable work, and more satisfactory on the whole.

Meyerbeer, though enormously rich, lives in a most unprettending style, and is not very partial to society. He carries his love for his art to an extraordinary degree. In other things he is quiet and simple in his manners, but possesses a fund of good sense and general information. He is small of stature, his hair is black, and his face bears the type of his Hebrew origin.

Much of the peculiarity of this composer's productions may be explained by referring to the history of his life, his early studies, and predilections. In his works may be traced the peculiar science and musical knowledge which he acquired in the outset of his career—the sentimental sweetness of the Italian school, and the profusion of embroidery, the employment of dramatic effects, characteristic of the musical taste of the French nation, amongst whom he produced his later compositions.

At the head of his style of musical art, he may be said to have founded the school to which he belongs. But greatly as the productions of this composer must be admired, his followers, not possessing his genius, will, it is to be feared, rather injure than forward the advancement of pure musical taste. The peculiarities of his style, indeed, are such as will be readily resorted to, for reasons far different to those by which he was actuated; for in finding the possibility of substituting noise for melody, and startling contrast and effect for merely scientific combinations, many a composer who would otherwise have lived unsung, may be induced to offer his meagre and trashy productions to the world.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

(Continued from page 579.)

CHAP. III.

ON ART AMONG THE NATIONS BORDERING ON THE ETRURIANS.

The third section contains reflections on the art of the nations bordering on the Etrurians, whom I have comprised under one head,—viz., the Samnites, the Volscians, and the Campanians; especially the last, among whom art flourished no less than among the Etrurians. I shall conclude with an account of the figures which have been found in the island of Sardinia.

I. Of the works of art among the Samnites and Volscians, we have, as far as we can ascertain, retained nothing but a few coins; (a) from the Campanians we have coins and painted earthen vessels. With respect to the former, then, I can only give general information touching their constitution and mode

of life; from which conclusions may be drawn as to their art. This will be the first division of this section. The second treats of works of art among the Campanians.

II. The art of these two nations is in the same predicament as their language, which was the Oscan, and which, if it is not to be considered a dialect of the Etruscan, is, at any rate, not very different from it. But since we do not know the distinction of dialogue between the two people, we are unable to give the necessary characteristics, if any of their coins and gems have been preserved.

III. The Samnites loved magnificence, and were, although a warlike people, much addicted to the luxuries of life. In war-time, some of the shields were inlaid with gold, some with silver; and at a time when the Romans do not seem to have known much about linen, the men distinguished as Samnites wore linen tunics even in the field. Livy informs us that the whole Samnite camp, in the Roman war under the consul L. Papirius Corvus, which was 200 paces square, was surrounded with linen cloth. (b) Capua, which was built by the Etrurians, and which, according to Livy, was a city of the Samnites, that is to say, was taken by the latter from the former, was noted for its voluptuousness and effeminacy. (c)

IV. The Volscians, like the Etrurians and other neighbouring nations, had an aristocratic government. It was only in the event of a war that they elected a king or general; and the internal policy of the Samnites was similar to that in Sparta and Crete. The great population of this nation is still shewn by the frequent ruins of destroyed cities on the hills in the immediate vicinity, while their power is proved by the history of their many sanguinary wars with the Romans, who could not subdue them with less than four-and-twenty triumphs. Their great population and splendour excited the brain and the industry, while freedom elevated the mind,—circumstances which are very advantageous for art.

V. In the earliest times, the Romans employed artists from both nations. Tarquinius Priscus caused an artist named Turrianus to come from the land of the Volscians, who made a statue of Jupiter in terra-cotta; and from the great similarity of a coin of the Servilian family at Rome to a Samnite one, it has been conjectured that such coins have been struck by Samnite artists. A very old coin from Anxur, a city of the Volscians,—the present Terracina,—bears a beautiful head of Pallas. (d)

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(a) Bas-reliefs, or rather fragments of bas-reliefs, in terra-cotta, and washed over with various colours, were in 1774 found at Velletri, and were considered Volscian works. The drawing of the figures is stiff, the form is slender, and the features of the face are barbarously deformed. These monuments represent chariooteers contending for prizes, and other objects, and seem to be really very ancient. The taste, or, if you please, the style, of these works has the closest similarity to the black silhouette figures on the oldest painted vessels in terra-cotta. Fea, who has had one of these fragments engraved in copper, likewise mentions their affinity to the paintings on ancient Greek vases, and conjectures that they may be imitated from those originals,—a point which we leave undecided.—Meyer.

(b) Not the 'whole camp, but a place *parted off* in the middle of the camp, was *covered tent-fashion* (not *surrounded*) by linen cloths. A legion consisting of 16,000 men was called "linteata," because every man was obliged to make a solemn oath in this covered place,—not because the men wore white linen.—Fea.

(c) The same may be said of the Etrurians; for Dionysius tells us that they liked a luxurious mode of life and golden ornaments, and spent large sums, both in peace and war; since, besides the necessary implements, they brought with them valuable articles for their recreation. According to Athenaeus, they had magnificent banquets twice a-day, when the tables were decorated with flowery tapestry and silver vessels.—Fea.

(d) Fea doubts that this coin really came from Anxur, the present Terracina. Beger (the authority cited by Winckelmann) probably, says Fea, had a badly preserved copy before him, and therefore probably read AQVP as "Axur," considering the letter Q as Volsclian, and answering to the Greek Σ. For on another coin of almost similar impression, in excellent preservation, in the Borgia Museum at Vellatri, the name AQUINO may be read perfectly. The slight distinction between the coin at Velletri and the one in Bezer consists in the fact, that in the former the cock is turned to the left side, where there is the circumscription AQUINO, and on the right side, near the cock's head, the star may be perceived; while in the latter the cock looks towards the right, where the circumscription is, and has the star near his head to the left. This variation may be as well found in the coins of Aquino, as another, which may be seen in Guaracci, where there is a coin of Aquino without the star. Hence Fea believes that the coin in Bezer also belonged to this city, especially as no coin that can unquestionably be attributed to Anxur has yet been found.—Meyer.

(To be continued.)

*^a The "Euterpe" of Herodotus will be continued next week.

SONNET.

NO. CCLIII.

GIGANTAMACHIA.

THE giants, who assail'd Olympus, cast
Huge mountain masses in a cumbrous heap,
And hoped, by clamb'ring up that ladder steep,
That they should rule the Universe at last.
It seemed no pow'r could shake mass so fast.
But Jove, the youthful monarch, did not sleep:
One rattling thunder-bolt sufficed to sweep
The lumber down—all like a dream had passed!
If fate, relentless, should the object take
Which thou pursu'st, another yet may come;
The loss, though it be great, thou still may'st bear.
But if the base whereon thou stand'st should shake
And fall, the blow indeed is stricken home:
Give up all hoping them—despair, despair!

N. D.

LADY BLESSINGTON AND D'ISRAELI.

(From Willis's Rural Letters.)

I MET Lord Durham once or twice when in London, and once at dinner at Lady Blessington's. I was excessively interested on that occasion by the tactics of Disraeli, who had just then chipped his political shell, and was anxious to make an impression on Lord Durham, whose glory, still to come, was confidently foretold in that bright circle. I rather fancy the dinner was made to give Vivian Grey the chance; for her ladyship, benevolent to every one, has helped Disraeli to "imp his wing" with a devoted friendship of which he should embody in his maturest work the delicacy and fervour. Women are glorious friends to steady ambition; but effective as they all can be, few have the tact, and fewer the varied means, of the lady in question. The guests dropped in, announced, but unseen, in the dim twilight; and, when Lord Durham came, I could only see that he was of middle stature, and of a naturally cold address. Bulwer spoke to him, but he was introduced to no one, a departure from the custom of that *maison sans-génie* which was either a tribute to his lordship's reserve, or a *ruse* on the part of Lady Blessington to secure to Disraeli the advantage of having his acquaintance sought; successful, if so, for Lord Durham, after dinner, requested a formal introduction to him. But for D'Orsay, who sparkles, as he does everything else, out of rule and in splendid defiance of others' dulness, the soup and the first half hour of dinner would have passed off with the usual English fashion of earnest silence. I looked over my spoon at the future premier, a dark, saturnine man, with very black hair, combed very smooth, and wondered how a heart, with the turbulent ambitions and dis-

plined energies which were stirring, I knew, in his, could be concealed under that polished and marble tranquillity of mien and manner. He spoke to Lady Blessington in an under tone, replying with a placid serenity that never reached a smile, to so much of D'Orsay's champagne wit as threw its sparkle in its way, and Bulwer and Disraeli were silent together. I should have foreboded a dull dinner if, in the open brow, the clear sunny eye, and unembarrassed repose of the beautiful and expressive mouth of Lady Blessington, I had not read the promise of a change. It came presently.

With a tact, of which the subtle ease and grace can in no way be conveyed into description, she gathered up the cobweb threads of conversation going on at different parts of the table, and by the most apparent accident flung them into Disraeli's fingers, like the ribbands of a four-in-hand. And, if so coarse a figure can illustrate it, he took the whip-hand like a master. It was an appeal to his opinion on a subject he well understood, and he burst at once, without preface, into that fiery vein of eloquence which, hearing many times after, and always with new delight, has stamped Disraeli on my mind as the most wonderful talker I have ever had the fortune to meet. He is anything but a declaimer. You would never think him on stilts. If he catches himself in a rhetorical sentence, he mocks at it in the next breath. He is satirical, contemptuous, pathetic, humorous, everything in a moment; and his conversation on any subject whatever embraces the *omnibus rebus, et quibusdam alii*. Add to this that Disraeli's is the most intellectual face in England, pale, regular, and overshadowed with the most luxuriant masses of raven-black hair, and you will scarce wonder that, meeting him for the first time, Lord Durham was (as he was expected to be by the Aspasia of that London Academie) impressed. He was not carried away as we were. That would have been unlike Lord Durham. He gave his whole mind to the brilliant meteor blazing before him; but the telescope of judgment was in his hand, to withdraw, at pleasure. He has evidently, native to his blood, that great quality of a statesman, *retenu*. Disraeli and he formed at that moment a finely contrasted picture. Understanding his game perfectly, the author deferred, constantly and adroitly, to the opinion of his noble listener, shaped his argument by his suggestions, allowed him to say nothing without using it as the nucleus of some new turn to his eloquence; and all this with an apparent effort against it, as if he had desired to address himself exclusively to Lady Blessington, but was compelled by a superior intellectual magnetism, to turn aside and pay homage to her guest.

With all this instinctive management there was a flashing *abandon* in his language and choice of illustration, a kindling of his eye, and what I have before described, a positive foaming at his lips, which contrasted with the warm but clear and penetrating eye of Lord Durham, his calm, yet earnest features, and lips closed without compression, formed, as I said, a picture, and of an order worth remembering in poetry. Without meaning any disrespect to Disraeli, whom I admire as much as any man in England, I remarked to my neighbour, a celebrated artist, that it would make a glorious drawing of Satan tempting an archangel to rebel.

Well, Disraeli is in parliament, and Lord Durham on the last round but one of the ladder of *subject* greatness. The viceroy will be premier, no doubt; but it is questionable if the author of *Vivian Grey* does more than carry out the moral of his own tale. Talking at a brilliant table, with an indulgent and superb woman on the watch for wit and eloquence, and rising in the face of a cold, common-sense House of Commons, on the look-out for froth and humbug, are two different

matters. In a great crisis, with the nation in a tempest, Disraeli would flash across the darkness very finely, but he never will do for the calm right-hand of a premier. I wish him, I am sure, every success in the world; but I trust that whatever political reverses fall to his share, they will drive him back to literature.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT BRISTOL.

(From *Felix Farley's Journal*.)

SEDOM, we believe, have the favoured lovers of sublime and hallowed music enjoyed a richer repast, than that to which they were invited on Monday last in the Victoria Room, Clifton; and eagerly and numerously did they accept the invitation. With many, it was the first opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Elijah of the recently-departed Mendelssohn. Fresh from a scene so impressive, we indulge our excited feelings with some few slight, detached, and general remarks, which may serve at least to clear our remembrance of the parts observed.

The principal vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mrs. P. J. Smith, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Collins, and Herr Formes. The instrumentalists comprised Cooper, Rice, &c., &c., on the violin; Hatton, Patton, &c., on the violoncello; Richardson on the flute; Nicholson on the oboe; Jarret on the horn, Baumann on the bassoon, &c., &c. Altogether the band and chorus numbered 250 performers. Mr Cooper led with his accustomed ability, and the task of conducting the whole was ably discharged by Mr. P. J. Smith.

The opening of this Oratorio with a *vocal passage preceding the overture*—so unusual, if not unprecedented—has, in this instance, a very sublime and striking effect. And certainly the German basso, Herr Formes, presents a good representative of the Hebrew prophet, with his manly brow and his glorious voice, as he pronounces this grave, stern, majestic recitative; “As God the Lord of Israel liveth,” &c. Our impression, however, with respect to his capabilities as a singer, is, that he has began too late to school his splendid voice. His lower notes are not fully brought out; and in impassioned strains, delivered in his middle notes, he is addicted to shouting a little. There is a want, too, of flexibility in his execution, which consequently produces a hardness of effect, and too mechanical beating out of the time, as if he were leading a single class.

Of the succeeding overture, we deem it presumptuous to attempt a character; it was an instrumental masterpiece of composition, appropriative prelusive to the coming scenes.

Sweet and pathetic was the choral strain, “The harvest now is over, and the summer days are gone,” &c. The serious air, “If with all your hearts ye truly seek me,” &c., was given by Mr. Lockey with an unaffected simplicity and earnestness that satisfied the mind. Miss Dolby, with her deep, rich, transparent contralto tones, her expressive face, and artless manner, gave full effect to the pathetic recitative, “Now Cherrith’s brook is dried up.” Beautiful was the dialogue, and beautifully sustained by Miss Birch and Herr Formes, between the widow and the prophet. Her first address, “What have I to do with thee, O man of God?” &c., so expressive of passionate grief, must have moved even the *least* musically sensitive portion of the vast auditory. Nor could the same less favoured portion fail to be awakened from inattention by the impetuosity, impassioned chorus, in which the priests of Baal turbulently invoke their unattending god; while Elijah bids

them again and again, in loud ironic tones, “Call him louder.”

Devoutly solemn was Elijah’s appeal, “Lord God of Abraham,” &c., followed by that exquisitely sweet quartett, “Cast thy burden upon the Lord,” &c., which we understand to be an ancient Lutheran hymn-tune, and which might well be re-demanded here as it had been at Hereford. Elijah’s bold and most expressive air, (in which the energy and fire of Handel revive), “Is not His word like a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock?” &c., sung by the German basso, Formes, justly re-demanded, cannot soon be forgotten, even by the most forgetful hearer. The very beautiful, plaintive, and devotional air, “Woe unto them that forsake Him!” was perfectly represented by the deep and serious tones of Miss Dolby’s voice. Passing over the interesting dialogue between Elijah and the youth, in which the “little cloud, like a man’s hand,” was *painted to our ear*, we must take leave of the First Part with the noble chorus, “Thanks be to God,” so expressive of fervid and rejoicing thankfulness, which we are inclined to regard as the finest of the choral strains.

The Second Part, if it does not surpass, sustains the bright character of its predecessor. The introductory air, which is finely appropriate, was expressed by Miss Birch with great spirit, eloquence, and power, especially the latter part, “Be not afraid! who art thou that art afraid of a man that shall die,” &c., the chorus nobly reiterating the charge, “Be not afraid.” After the accusations of the Queen Jezebel, and threatenings of the chorus, Obadiah, personated by Mr. Lockey, cheers Elijah, with much dignity and feeling, in the recitative, “Man of God! the Lord thy God doth go with thee; He will not fail thee.” In Elijah’s reply, we observed the singer’s judicious utterance *diminuendo* of the words, “I journey hence to the wilderness,” thus imaging the idea of lonely distance.

After this, the same vocalist poured forth the air, “It is enough, take away my life!” with emphasis and pathos, which he changed for the due impetuosity of the succeeding clauses, “They have thrown down thine altars,” &c. This was relieved by the sweet, unaccompanied trio, angelically given by the female vocalists, with the rich deep second of Miss Dolby’s voice to complete the charm, “Lift up thine eyes to the mountains,” &c. The man that could sit unmoved by this concord of sweet sounds, would certainly incur the Shaksperian anathema of being “fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils.” It was irrepressibly re-demanded by our own as by the Birmingham audience. For our own part, we must confess that nothing in the mighty whole has left so melodious and so haunting an echo in our memory’s ear, as the delicious, tranquillising air, so charmingly uttered by Miss Dolby, and so naturally re-demanded, “O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for him!” What a transition from this composing strain, to the chorus, so thrillingly expressive of elemental agitation, “A mighty wind rent the mountains, brake the rocks,” &c.

In the succeeding recitative, the delicately expressive change of key on the Angel’s warning words, “Thy face must be veiled,” deserves our nice observance.

Solemn and sublime were the quartett and chorus, “Holy, Holy, Holy!” religiously impressive the solo air of the Prophet, “The mountains shall depart; but the kingdom shall not depart from Me;” magnificent the chorus, “Then did Elijah the prophet break forth like fire, &c.; and he went by a whirlwind into Heaven!” After which, with a sacred seriousness and grace, Mr. Lockey so feelingly pronounced the glorious words, “Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun,” &c., that we wonder not if all sympathised in the desire and demand to hear them so pronounced once

more. The charming quartett, "Oh, come every one that thirsteth; oh, come unto Him!" constrained us to lament the near conclusion of this most interesting musical drama. In the closing chorus, we observe a singular mistake: "The glory of the Lord shall reward you," substituted by the translator for—"shall be thy rereward;" i. e. "shall bring up thy rear."

We consider that *Elijah* holds that place of pre-eminence among the works of Mendelssohn, which the all-surpassing *Messiah* holds among the works of the inspired Handel.

The Bristol Classical Harmonist Society, to whom the public are indebted for the production of Mendelssohn's immortal work in this city, repeated it at Bath on Tuesday evening, where the same pieces were encored as at Bristol. We regret to hear that the attendance was by no means remunerative.

MR. P. J. SMITH'S CONCERT.—The oratorio of *Elijah* causing the influx of many eminent instrumentalists to this city, Mr. Smith, of Park Street, availed himself of the opportunity of affording the amateurs and lovers of classical music a treat, seldom to be participated in, by giving an instrumental concert, culled from the choicest *morceaux* of the most eminent composers, and executed by artists of high order. Whether the musical *furore* of this ancient city had been expended on the oratorio, or the concert at the Music Hall trod too closely upon the heels of its predecessor at the Victoria Rooms, we know not; suffice it to say, the audience on Wednesday evening was as select as the admired compositions offered to their notice, and the judicious few appeared fully to appreciate the admirable instrumentation of the artists, who met with the just reward of well-merited applause; whilst the gem of the evening (the trio by Messrs. Hatton, Hill, and Howell) justly obtained an unanimous *encore*.

MUSIC AT BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

(From the *Bury and Suffolk Herald*.)

For the great musical boon presented to the public of Bury at the Assembly Rooms on Thursday last, the heartiest thanks are due to the Messrs. Nunn, who have demonstrated not only a high feeling for the Divine art, but a desire to gratify their distinguished patrons, by the spirited engagement of the delightful cantatrice, Madame Sontag, and her operatic party. By this single act of musical enterprise, it is but fair to say, the Messrs. Nunn have done the state of Apollo "infinite service," inasmuch as they have shown to the more profound lovers of practical music that surpassing power and delicacy of professional treatment of which the musical mediocrities of provincial amateurs can give us but a faint and feeble idea.

So rare a combination of talent as Sontag, Signor F. Lablache, Belletti, Calzolari, and Thalberg, at a provincial concert has seldom been before presented, and the public testified their appreciation of the spirited effort of the Messrs. Nunn by the largest attendance of the nobility and gentry of this town and neighbourhood we ever saw assembled on any similar occasion. We wish we could say that Mr. Nunn was any gainer by his spirited undertaking.

The concert was held in the Assembly Rooms, Angel Hill, which the proprietors had very kindly granted permission to use for a concert of this unusually rare and attractive character. By half-past one not less than 500 ladies and gentlemen had been admitted.

Madame Sontag, notwithstanding the stern perils of time through which she has been compelled to pass since last we

heard her mellifluous pipings at the Italian Opera House, has yielded her vocal genius but little, if any, to the iron hand of the ruthless "thinner of flowing hair." Donizetti's beautiful recitative and aria, "O luce di quest'anima," were exquisitely rendered, and afforded a remarkably bewitching contrast to the celebrated "Singing Lesson," in which with the most consummate skill she revelled (with her inflexible Maestro Lablache), reminding us, not unfrequently, of the magic warblings of the semi-divine Malibran, of whom it may justly be said, "none but herself could be her parallel." To Sir Henry Bishop's pretty household trifle, "Home, sweet home," (which, by the bye, she chanted with so much simplicity as to give it a visible place in many a fair eye) succeeded, by particular desire, Rode's popular and not less difficult variations, a work of such infinite elaboration as none would presume to approach, with any hope of success, but an artist of the highest vocal capabilities. Mozart's "Non piu Andrai," from the opera of *Figaro*, was as usual most felicitously sketched by that great vocal delineator, Lablache, who, upon his first appearance in this country, at once set his broad seal upon this comique emanation of Mozart's genius, and made it his own operatic property. The vocal stamina of this perfect Prince of Leporellos still remains in every respect unimpaired, of which the vigorous duetto buffo, "Se fatio in corpo avete," from *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, is sufficient evidence. Donizetti's superb duetto, "Venti scudi," from *Elisir d'Amore*, was skilfully and truthfully presented at the opening of the first part of the concert by Calzolari and Belletti. Signor Calzolari takes a position in the tenor ranks, surpassed by very few in the profession. He is an excellent artist, as the manner in which he treated the barcarole from *Marino Faliero*, "Or che in cielo," will bear an enduring proof.

It is not often that we hear a baritone organ so perfectly vigorous, sound, and uniform as that of Signor Belletti, and it may be truly said with reference to this gentleman, that Nature, in her vocal bestowments, has been unusually bountiful to him, insomuch that there is no place in his extensive register that betokens the slightest infirmity. His "Piff, paff," from *Les Huguenots*, (a labour of peculiar melodic quaintness, and by no means easy), was a bold and faultless interpretation of Meyerbeer, the story of which would, doubtless, have been more effectively told with the dramatic concomitants of Her Majesty's Theatre. Of the vocalities submitted to the charge of that excellent musician, Signor F. Lablache, we must in justice say, they were not only delivered with artistic skill, but gave to those, by whom operatic accomplishments are appreciable, a pleasing proof of his advancement in the art of which he is a popular professor.

The only other vocal trio harmony of the programme was Rossini's "Pappataci che mai sento," which was given with the utmost precision by Calzolari, Lablache, and Belletti. To attempt particularization of any one achievement of the day where everything was so superbly exhibited by the fingers of the Goliath of modern pianists, M. Thalberg, it were a perf et waste of time to writer and reader of this notice: suffice it to say, that the brilliant sallies of his genius throughout his marvellous performances, proved to demonstration that he still maintains that exalted and perfectly unapproachable position in which he has so long been established, to the admiration and astonishment of the severest critics of the musical world.

M. Thalberg, the most accomplished scholar of the very best school, is decidedly without a parallel in modern times, and equal in every respect to the very best of those who have travelled before him on the great high road which leads to the temple of fame, in which he has already cut for himself an

imperishable niche. The total absence of every species of trickery and mechanical frivolity (the popular trap, by the bye, by which the plaudits of the morbid-minded million of the modern concert room are too often caught) is the distinguishing character of M. Thalberg's style, legitimacy of touch, dignity of conception, and purity of expression, are the great charms of his masterly performances, nor is it possible to conceive of a higher degree of instrumental intelligence than that which marked his extraordinary and brilliant execution of the three subjects with which he so learnedly grappled from the *Sonnambula*, *Masaniello*, and *Don Pasquale*, those astounding delineations of the subjects of the tuneful art, are the true landmarks of practical science, the standard by which amateur efforts can alone be properly tested and proved to be mere shadows at an immeasurable distance, of musical substances, existing in the boundless region of the Divine science.

[We have to apologise to our readers for extracting the above doleful article; but as it contained news of artists, to whose whereabouts there is always interest attached, we think it may prove acceptable, and that information will make amends for doubtful taste and questionable grammar.—ED.]

THE MUSICAL LETTER-WRITERS.

(From *Punch*.)

THE song-writers have at length happily exhausted the Loves of the Lights; and we hope soon to be released altogether from further invitations to evince our affection towards the Merry Sunlight, the Dewy Starlight, the Gentle Moonlight, the Gaudy Gaslight, and the Dreary Rushlight, which have been recently the musical idols of our great Metropolis. The degrees of comparison have also, we trust, had their day; and we shall no longer be apostrophised as "Dearest," with a promise of being "loved more," or "less than then," or "then as now," or "now or never," or "once again as half,"—a style of song-writing which has so severely worked the grammatical degrees, that comparisons have been rendered doubly odious.

The Grammarian, however, having been laid aside by the balladists, the Writing-master has been taken up with much earnestness, and a shower of "Wilt thou write to me's?" "Yes, I'll write to thee's." "Didst thou write to me's?" and "May I write to thee's?" has been poured forth from the London music-shops.

We know how very apt the balladists are to be seized with corresponding sentiments; for one of them has only to say or sing, "Wilt thou meet me?" and a dozen voices respond immediately with "Yes, I'll meet thee,—Price two shillings;" so that if the Letter-duet mania has once regularly set in among the song-writers, we may expect that there will be a dozen answers by return of post to every one who puts in the form of a ballad the exceedingly suggestive question, "Wilt thou write to me?"

As the subject begins to be pursued in earnest, we may anticipate its being carried further than mere invitations to write, and we shall find the balladists diving deeper into the matter by asking, "Dearest, didst thou pay the post?" or inquiring, in reference to a letter received, "Was it headless then as now?" followed by an exclamatory ballad of "I was charg'd a penny more!" together with a variety of songs in the same strain, which the postal turn lately taken by our lyric poet will be suggestive of.

We beg leave to throw out a few hints in the shape of "Titles for Songs," inasmuch as the difficulty of "making a

title" is the chief one that occurs in creating a good interest in lyrical as well as in landed property:—

"SIX LESSONS I HAVE TAKEN, LOVE!"
"WILT THOU TAKE SIX LESSONS MORE?"
"DEAREST, IS IT WRONG TO WRITE?"
"OH, GIVE ME BUT A PENNY STAMP!"
"THY LETTER, LIKE MY HOPES, IS DEAD!"
"MY INK'S MY OWN, MY PEN IS FREE!"

[By the way, has not friend *Punch* been extracting a leaf from our journal without acknowledgment? Vide *Musical World*, pp. 490, 491, present volume.—ED.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

SADLER'S WELLS.

COMEDY seems at length to be rearing its head at Sadler's Wells. Thalia has hitherto possessed a far less number of votaries than Melpomene at this Temple of the Muses. Mr. Phelps has judiciously strengthened his comic company, and a very full house assembled to witness the revival of Cibber's Comedy of "She would and she would not," on yesterday se'nnight. The piece was an excellent one of its class, in which the broad extravagance of the situations, and the ingenuity and humour with which they are developed, take the place of the higher attributes of comedy as we find them in Congreve, Murphy, Sheridan, *et id genus*. Miss Fitzpatrick, as *Hypolita*, played with the graceful ease which we have already remarked in her, and made many felicitous points, her best being the more quiet ones, which induces us to think that her proper sphere of action will be found among the last named dramatists. We await the test with some interest for Miss Fitzpatrick has effectually piqued public curiosity. The new farce called *Plots for Petticoats* is by Mr. Wooller, and has been written for Mr. Hoskins, who personates with great success a rustic Yankee lover of an English lady (attached to a young gentleman of her own country) who disgusts his *inamorata* with his national wit and slang. The piece has been highly successful.

G.

MARYLEBONE.

On Monday evening Mrs. Mowatt made her re-appearance to a house crowded almost to suffocation. The play was *Much Ado about Nothing*, which we noticed on its revival, within a few days of the end of last season. Mrs. Mowatt was enthusiastically welcomed, and played the arch, laughter-loving, yet noble-hearted Beatrice, with the spirit, vivacity, and social graces which seem natural to her, and the audience testified their admiration by a shower of bouquets at the end of the play. In Mr. Davenport's Benedick there is a truth and subtlety in the conception, and a *gusto* of humour in the execution, which certainly place this part among his very best efforts. The other characters are well filled, especially the Leonato of Mr. J. Johnstone, and the Dogberry of Mr. G. Cooke.

ASHTON.—CHEAP CONCERTS FOR THE PEOPLE.—Following the example of Manchester, our musical men have determined on giving a series of concerts upon a cheap scale, the first of which was held in the New Theatre, on Wednesday evening, under the patronage of Mr. Geo. Mellor, mayor of the manor. Amongst the vocalists engaged were Miss Parry, Mrs. Tomkins, Messrs. Heelis, Womersley, Brooks, Heap, &c. Mr. James Grimshaw presided at the piano-forte. The performances appeared to give satisfaction. The audience, we are sorry to say, was not so numerous as we anticipated.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

No. IV.—Op. 60.

(Continued from page 601.)

THE subject now appears in a new form, being assigned to the basses, with the addition of a counterpoint above it of long-sustained notes, which is given with the utmost force of the score, namely, with the violins in octaves, strengthened by the flutes, oboes, clarionets, and bassoons, and we have thus an effect of unsurpassable breadth and clearness. Here we may feel that the expression of joy, which cannot be restrained, bursts out anew, and tells how he, whose all the world is the co-feeling of a loving heart, knows now the whole world in his power and for his keeping. This passage is then inverted, and in this form it is prolonged until, after some bold progressions, it comes to a half-close on C, the dominant of F, in

which key is to be introduced the second subject. Previous to the entry of this subject, there is a passage, on an inverted dominant pedal, that deserves well the careful scrutiny of the musical student, on account of the somewhat unusual harmonic progressions that are comprised in it, and of the original and very bold manner in which the pedal note is treated in the orchestral arrangement, it being assigned to instruments of the same quality, as, or of a similar quality to, those which bear the harmony; and yet is the instrumentation so balanced as for the effect to be entirely satisfactory. This passage, conspicuous also for its syncopated accent, forms a temporary climax to the current of excitement which, but for the repose that is about to follow, might want relief. The second subject is of a decidedly playful rather than impassioned character, and may be felt to speak the happy complacency of an all-contented heart.

There is a peculiar archness and pleasantry in the expression of this phrase; we may trace in it the same spirit as would, if words instead of musical sounds were the medium of utterance, pour forth its exuberance of gaiety in the most brilliant witty sallies. Thus feels Romeo when with his friends, knowing his love to be reciprocated—Juliet to be his; whereas, in the gloomy vagueness of the introduction, we may suppose the morbid despondency, the indefinite yearning of his dreamy love of Rosalind; and in the truly unique passages which introduces the *allegro*, that wonderful electricity of passion, and in what immediately succeeds it, his meeting with Juliet, and his recognition, in her feelings, of the identity of his own. This spirit of playfulness melts almost imperceptibly into what

is no less exquisitely tender, and then, all in man which feels and thinks and desires and enjoys, all which enables him to conceive the existence of a Deity, which assures him that himself is a type of the Divine Intelligence, all that is believed to be immortal of mortality, seems to expand itself beyond the outward form of material humanity, like the Afrite, in the eastern tale, when released from the brazen vessel which had been his prison, and, resting still on earth, to extend up even to heaven;—such to me is the irresistible suggestion of the extraordinary passage for all the string instruments in unison, which seems to utter in the pride of ecstasy—the worthiest pride and the most engrossing—“The world cannot bound, all space is full of, my enjoyment.”

We have now what may be termed a third subject, distinctly separate from the second, and equally unlike to it, but forming an essential portion of, and holding its necessary place in the general design of the movement. This third subject consists of eight bars of canon in the octave, with a free accompaniment; the canon is commenced by the clarinet and answered after the first bar by the bassoon; the whole passage is repeated by the string instruments. It would be to disparage the many beauties with which this movement abounds, the general

completeness of the whole, which is the chief beauty, and from which even the exception I am about to make does not detract, and the imperishable greatness of Beethoven, were I not to own that I cannot but feel this passage to be weak, to be somewhat frivolous, and even puerile; it has an air more of research than of inspiration, and it is yet as short as to seem more like the idea of a young student who was experimenting in the art of imitation, than of a skilful master who could fluently and familiarly apply the more profound resources of

his art. We very soon forget entirely the seeming pedant, and are impressed with the presence of the poet, with his infinite imagination and with his boundless flow of passionate expression, even the more for this temporary lassitude in his

mind, inaction of his feelings. The true genius of our composer prevails once more, and the former excitement renews itself in the following passage :—



Here there seems to be a half implied doubt imperatively answered; the same is repeated, and then the idea, considerably extended, is carried on through a progression of very striking harmonies, till it comes to a full-close in F, a passage that may be felt to pourtray the gradual growth of conviction where doubt was want of courage to believe, not want of faith in the subject of belief. The passage that concludes the First

Part is one of extreme simplicity, but of marvellous effect; to describe it technically would give but an idea of an ordinary application of the most familiar resources of orchestral arrangement; but to hear it, one might, in the enthusiasm it creates, well fancy the blue vault of heaven opened, and a stream of radiant rapture poured in sound upon the world, even as though sound were light, and light filled all the universe :—



The same exciting passage that first introduced the principal subject, and is always associated with it, now brings about the repetition of the First Part.

The free fantasia with which the Second Part opens is very much more concise than the corresponding portion of the *Eroica* Symphony, and indeed than is generally the case with Beethoven in this form of movement, whether in orchestral or chamber music, excepting in some of the lightest pianoforte sonatas, and I think, in accordance with the character of the music, it aims not at any of those contrapuntal elaborations, which, not being formally and pedantically introduced, give so

much solidity and dignity to the character of such movements as are thus developed; this being, as I believe there can be no question, much more a movement of passion than the first movements of either of the three previous symphonies, such a treatment of the subject would have been very much out of place. There are two things for which this Second Part is very remarkable. The first is the wonderful felicity of a counter-subject constructed upon the principal theme, and carried on through various modulations to a considerable length :—



This is not the product of elaborate pedantic research; from eighth to ninth in the third bar, fully prove that it is not the progressions from ninth to eighth in the second bar, and a piece of contrapuntal contrivance, since, had it been so, it

could surely have been more regularly contrived : apart from this technical evidence, the exquisite beauty of the new melody proves itself to have been created, not made ; for it is such as could only have emanated from the brightest genius in its happiest hour, and it is such as to charm us with its loveliness to that extent that the ear observes not, nor is indifferent to the grammatical irregularities, which, however the eye may detect the fault, the judgment cannot censure. It is not with the surpassing sweetness of this one phrase that the thought ceases, nor in it that we find our only delight, nor by it that the divine inspiration of the composer is principally proved ; the chief beauty of the passage lies really in its long unbroken continuity, a stream of song, as it most truly is, that seems spontaneously to gush from the fountain of all tender feelings, and to suffuse the hearts of all who hear it,—indeed a flood of unpremeditated art. How much this adds to, or intensifies the expression of the original subject, how completely it modifies what was before sensation into passion,—how it illustrates with the glow of poetry the fervor of natural emotions, I need not say ; whoever hears must feel, and feeling is the only true judgment of such, the highest things in art, the only worthy criticism. The second remarkable feature of this portion of the movement, and this appeals more particularly to the examination of technical analysis than the other, is the extraordinary manner of the return to the subject in the original keys. By an enharmonic change, we are brought to a chord of the dominant seventh on F sharp, and this harmony continues for a considerable time, the passage that introduces the principal subject, and a section of this subject being worked upon it, then by another enharmonic change, this chord becomes a chord of the augmented sixth on G flat, and this is resolved upon a second inversion of the tonic harmony of B flat major. Now, the ear demands that after the second inversion of a concord the next change of harmony should have for the bass either the same note as bears such second inversion, or the next degree of the scale above or below, chromatic or diatonic ; whereas, in this case, the second inversion is not, so to speak, resolved, for we have no change of harmony until the entry of the principal subject with the key-note in the bass, and the tonic pedal is then maintained, as at first, through the first four bars of the subject ; these four bars are this time even repeated before we have the passage of sixths that leads us to the dominant bass with the suspended fourth resolved upon the chord of the dominant seventh, the long deferred, but the only real satisfaction to the ear of the expectation, the necessity created by the F bass, first introduced forty-two bars before. This I cannot regard as the result of negligence, nor even of accident, neither can it, I think, be justly considered to be the fracture of one of the most important, and what should be the most imperative law of harmonic progression, but, on the contrary, we should esteem it as an intentional, and obviously designed, extension of the principle that law embodies, with a view to the application of which, if not the whole movement was conceived, certainly the whole second part was constructed. Let us review the metaphysical characters of the entire movement ; the vagueness of the Introduction, the eagerness of the passage that leads into the *Allegro*, the enthusiasm of the extraordinary unison passage that precedes what I have called the third subject, which seems to be such a mighty, gradual expanding of sound, as that when it reaches its climax the hearer's comprehension can no more than receive it—words fail me to describe the always growing excitement of the progressive unfolding of this wonderful succession of impassioned thoughts ; let us review all this, and then we must feel

how we have been from step to step prepared for the point under consideration—the acme of the whole, the all-surpassing drawing together of every faculty of the hearer's attention, the almost painful suspense, and the ample, the complete, the unqualified satisfaction that succeeds it.

We must notice, with the greatest admiration, the ingenious but most natural prolongation of the subject when it appears in the bass, to bring about a half-close on F, instead of, as before, on C, the artifice of which is entirely lost to the hearer in the effect it produces, worthily sustaining, as it does, the ardent excitement with which the whole movement is instinct. From this point we have an exact recapitulation of the dominant portion of the first part, now in the original key of the movement, and the whole is wound up with a short and very brilliant Coda, formed entirely of sections of the first subject.

I have said so much of the general characteristics of this movement in the course of my analysis, that there remains for me now nothing to suggest. Of its merits I believe it may candidly be said, in cool judgment, apart from the enthusiasm it excites, that it is of a lighter character than the majority of the great orchestral works of the master—perhaps than any, excepting the eighth, in F—though written in his very highest style ; but that in musical interest and passionate expression it is exceeded by nothing that Beethoven ever composed.

G. A. MACFARREN.

NO. IV.—OP. 60. ERRATA.

Page 599, second column, line 33, for "That(colossal extension of place," read, "That colossal extension of *plan*."
 Page 601, second column, line 5, for "measure" read "manner."
Ibid., line 7, for "accolation" read "resolution." The sentence should have stood thus:—"There is something, perhaps, more to wonder at than to admire in the manner in which this pedal bass is quitted ; instead of retaining the pedal until the resolution of a dominant discord that is taken upon it, as would be according to precedent, according to rule, and I think according to the natural requisition of a cultivated ear, the bass rushes up to the third of the tonic chord, and thus resumes the subject."
Ibid., first musical example, fifth bar, for "Viol." read "Oboe & Clarineti;" and, in the eighth bar, for "Ob. e cal." read "Violini."

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT:

(From the Frankfort Journal.)

"WHAT a man!" exclaimed Göethe once, after receiving a visit from Humboldt. I know of no man to compare him to ; he resembles a source of ever-gushing sweet waters ; he knows thoroughly what he does know."

The poet was right. Alexander von Humboldt, who completed his 80th year on the 14th of September of this year, who with all the undiminished vigour of his mind, and with a body still hale, is one of the greatest and most comprehensive minds that have flourished in any age, and one of the most important men of our own. He has been most appositely called the Napoleon of natural science, in order to convey the idea that he stands forth without compare from among ordinary mortals.

There have been perhaps few men so entirely fortunate as he has been, for nature endowed him with a sane body and a gigantic as well as sane mind. It is seldom that a European from a northern clime can rove with impunity among palm trees, but on Humboldt neither the heat of the tropics nor the icy cold of the Ural and Altai could exert any baneful influence. From an early period he was independent as to fortune, and there was no adverse circumstance to prevent him from giving himself to the impulse of his genius. Even as a youth he enjoyed the society of the wisest and best in Germany. To a calm perspicuity of understanding he unites a wonderful acuteness of penetration, and his first impression is unerring.

In powers of combination he has seldom been equalled, and besides his colossal memory, that never deserts him, that is equally faithful as it is rapid, his whole intellect is infused with a rich poetic vein, and again so vivid a fancy is all his own, his taste is so exquisite and fine, that he throws the charm of attraction over the very dryest subject he may happen to treat. Geographers unanimously recognize him as their master, historians gratefully confess that their lore is deeply indebted to him, and philologists have received no little light from him to illumine what had been hitherto obscure for them in antiquity. Hardly is there one scientific inquiry that Humboldt has not enriched: he has even enlightened the fathers of the church on their aesthetic side. The Spaniards as well as we Germans, so likewise the French and the English enrol this wonderful man among their classic stylists, for in addition to the most accurate Latin, Humboldt writes Spanish, English (?), and French with skill, precision, and force as his own native language. When he gave public lectures thirty years ago in Paris, the French willingly admitted that few of their own great countrymen came up to him in luxuriance, correctness, and clearness.

This man, in the plenitude of his understanding and with the clearest consciousness, has lived with and through a period of transition, such as the world has never seen since the earliest centuries of Christendom. Born in the same year with Napoleon, he knew the Great Frederick; his youth was coeval with the North American contest for liberty; he admired the great Washington; the drama of the French revolution that convulsed the world and that shed torrents of blood, he saw, and not remotely, pass before him, with its martial feats and its giants. But while the German empire of a thousand years was tumbling into ruin, and the German land was becoming the prey of the potent conqueror, Humboldt was wandering through the table-lands of the Andes or the low plains near the Orinoco and Rionegro: he was not an immediate witness of the disasters of his countrymen bewailed at Ulm or Jena. During the long time of the Restoration he employed his leisure in the composition of those literary works that will remain as patterns in all ages for the natural sciences, for future research in the antiquities of America, and for every branch of geography. He, the man of four score years, who has so stirred men by the living word and so genially promoted study, has seen too, in the evening of his infinitely rich life, how the German people still struggle for a new conformation, for unity and freedom. So enlightened a soul, so clear a thinker, a head so incapable of all narrow-mindedness, must be devoid of prejudice, must be favourably inclined from the depths of that soul to the cause of freedom and progress. Yet for any immediate political activity his nature has been as little disposed as Goethe's was. Humboldt has ever been content with employing his influence preferably in behalf of science, which owes an infinite debt of acknowledgment to him.

There are very few scientific great individuals of the last sixty years with whom he had not personal relations. If anything in him, in addition to the immense comprehensiveness of his acquirements, could raise our astonishment, it would be his almost unparalleled industry, and that wonderful activity that distinguishes this great man. He has enlarged the science of navigation, especially enriching the history of nautics; geology, zoology, botany, are no less indebted to him than the collective physical sciences, more particularly meteorology, magnetism, that science which treats of the distribution of heat over the earth; geography, the history of nations, and political history; lastly, statistics, agriculture, and trade.

Almost in every field this German gigantic mind has formed new paths of exploration.

When a young man of twenty, after he had completed his university studies in Gottingen and at Frankfort on the Oder, we find him in the company of George Forster descending the Rhine on his way to Holland and England; he writes his work on the basalts near the Rhine. Immediately after this he proceeds to Friburg, for studying under Werner, the founder of geological science, and he writes on fossil plants. He then enters, for a short time, into the Prussian civil service; but the routine of administrative duties not satisfying his ardent mind, he applies with redoubled ardour to the study of animal electricity, goes to Vienna, where he labours intently on botany, then travels, accompanied by Leopold Von Buch, and to whom it is still permitted to behold the light of day, through Salzburg and Styria, but is compelled to renounce the plan of exploring Italy. He, however, repairs with his glorious brother Wilhelm to Paris, where he forms the acquaintance of his future travelling companion Bonpland; and in 1799 sets out for the court of Madrid, to obtain there the permission of travelling through the Spanish colonies of America. In his eighteenth year he had resolved on visiting the American continent, and what he had studied and laboured on up to his thirtieth year he considered as a mere preparation for the accomplishment of a greater task. The youth had, indeed, had his fancy fired at first by the splendid and luxuriant vegetation of the plant world, by the forests of gigantic trees interwoven with lianas and the foliage of countless shrubs, by the peculiarity of the lofty steppes on the Andes, the boundless extent of the Savannahs, of which he subsequently traced so vivid a picture in his "Views of Nature." Gradually, however, with his increasing knowledge rose the purely scientific interest, and Humboldt commenced his voyage across the Atlantic Ocean.

The hardy traveller, so carefully pre-instructed, traversed the mounts and plains of modern Venezuela, ascended the Orinoco to where it branches off, and thus forms a junction with the Amazon, explored Guayana, concerning which another German traveller, Schomburgk, has lately given such valuable contributions; he then sailed across the sea to Cuba, that pearl of the Antilles, then back to the continent again, which he mounted along the valley of Magdalena up to the table-land of the Cordilleras. Thus he scanned the majestic solitudes of Quito, and navigated the coasts of the Pacific; he has conjured up for us the departed world of the state of the Incas in his life-breathing pictures and true delineations; thus he wandered through Mexico and classically described it, returning then by the United States to Europe. But while he was partly editing, partly preparing, his works on the New World, he received in 1829 the summons to travel, accompanied by Rose and Ehrenberg, to Northern Asia, and he consequently, at the age of sixty years, visited Siberia and the Altai.

Humboldt's gigantic work on America, comprehends in the large edition, seventeen volumes in folio, and eleven volumes in quarto. It treats of the geography of plants, of zoology, and comparative anatomy, astronomy, and geognosy; it presents a physical picture of the tropic regions, and especially treats also of their climatology. It contains views of the Cordilleras, and depicts the old Peruvian monuments, gives a political description of Mexico and Cuba as they then were, and concludes with a general representation of those travels that formed an epoch in science, and—if we may use the expression—which form the point of departure for a new "school of viatorial description," which likewise has obtained its wor-

thiest disciples in Germany, for instance, Spix and Martius, Poehpig, Schombergk, Meyen, Erman, Ehrenberg, Rose, Eichwald, and so many more besides.

Humboldt has described the Asiatic journey in the fragments on the climatology of Asia, but then wrote a masterpiece of historical research, the "Critical Investigations into the historical development of Geographical Knowledge respecting the New World, and into the progress of nautical astronomy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries," a book with which we, as far as our literary knowledge extends, can compare no other for comprehensive erudition. In the German edition of it we meet with the remark, that one copy of the whole collection of Humboldt's works on America, in the large edition, now costs more than 10,000 francs, twice as much as the celebrated "Description of Egypt," for the publication of which the French Government advanced 3,000,000 francs; whereas Humboldt's voyages, although the 1,300 copperplates, the printing, and paper, cost 840,000 francs, or more than 42,000 gold Fredericks, were brought to completion by the patronage of the public alone.

At an age of seventy-four years, when other old men repose, Humboldt began his last work, the "Cosmos," the sketch of a physical description of the world, and which is now completed, in the late evening of a busy life—a work, whose outlines have been pourtrayed in the soul of the author for almost half a century. He wished to delineate how everything that is treated on earth, and in celestial space, had been taken up by him into his conception of a physical cosmical description.

With this work, that is also unique in literature, that has been translated into the language of all civilized nations, the powerful mind wishes to close its honourable scientific career. He has been, we repeat, a fortunate man during the whole period of his life. So propitious has destiny been to him, that it vouchsafed to him a brother, who in other departments of genius was nearly quite as great, and in many respects even still more conspicuous than himself. Both brothers, Alexander and William, bound by the strictest friendship to each other, have tended to the perfection of one another. Alexander has survived the other; but the names of both these heroes in science are inseparable from each other for all future time. They form radiant stars in the bright crown of German science, and they have diffused the renown and glory of the German name over all the world.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MINOR CHORDS AND MINOR SCALES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR.—I rejoice to find that my friend Teutonius has at length arrived at the complete development of his labyrinth of the major and the minor modes. The elaboration seems to me to have been most perplexing. He has fully convinced me of the simplicity and the truth of the theory which I committed to your care seven or eight months ago. My friend Teutonius has not been so wise in his generation as Moses was. Moses obediently took up the serpent, as he was instructed; Teutonius has disregarded my intimations.

I am one of those who consider Harmony to be the parent of Melody. Every stick or stone from which I can derive a sound, assures me that the elements of harmony are coeval with the creation. Without harmony there can be as little *real* melody, as there would have been of grass, and the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit, without their parent earth.

The differences in the effects of the major and the minor modes can be more naturally accounted for by the contrasting notes,

which Teutonius has overlooked, than by tones, semitones, and syncopations. It is a very simple operation.

If the notes C—D—E—F | G—A—B—C, in page 588, which are surmounted by the numbers 24—27—30—32 | 24—27—30—32, be intended as notes in the harmony from C only, I feel curious to see the fundamental bass-notes for them.

Yours truly,
J. MOLINEUX.

Liverpool, 22, Hope Street, September 25, 1849.

THE LATE MR. ROOKE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR.—Can any of your professional readers inform an amateur whether there is any idea, amongst his numerous quondam associates and pupils, of erecting some kind of memento to the late composer Rooke?

As a handsome tablet has been placed in the cemetery at Kensall Green to the memory of the late "Tom Cooke," the more prosperous, though not more gifted contemporary of the composer of *Amilie*, it seems strange that no subscription has been got up, or other means adopted to raise the very small sum that would suffice to erect some token, however humble, over the resting-place of departed talent, and the more so as many of Rooke's pupils are now enjoying the fruits of professional eminence acquired, or at least founded, upon his meritorious instruction. I am, Sir, your constant reader,

HARMONICUS.

Bayswater, Sept. 26, 1849.

MUSICAL ENIGMAS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR.—Allow me to make a few remarks upon the two musical enigmas which have lately appeared in your journal. I am afraid you will think me a day after the fair, but country folks are ever behind-hand, so that you must excuse me.

Two of your correspondents seem to have puzzled themselves about one name in the first enigma. Salieri is, by the misprint of a figure, made Oalieri. Salieri was the inveterate enemy of Mozart, *vide* Holmes' Life of Mozart, p. 349, and others.

The second enigma is clever and amusing, but it is difficult to solve, on account of the numerous mistakes in it, which I will point out. In the first place, the name "Pauline Viardot Garcia" consists, according to my reckoning, of twenty letters, not nineteen. The inventor of the enigma has forgotten the *r* in Viardot. Alari is a celebrated composer; *Nino*, not Nini, 6, 8, 6, 12, instead of 6, 8, 6, 5, is a noisy opera; Vivier is a celebrated performer on the horn; *Ernani* is an opera composed by Verdi; Paglieri is a singer who has lately made his *debut* in public (query, where?); Ronconi is a celebrated singer; Andante is the reverse of Allegro (there is a mistake here—19, 4, 4, 14, 16, 12, is written instead of 19, 4, 4, 7, 14, 16, 12); Ollivier is a music publisher in London (another mistake—12, 4, 4, 19, 8, 5, 7, 16 would be Ollavier—12, 4, 4, 18, 8, 5, 7, 16 is right); *La Donna del Lago* is a splendid opera; Arigotti is a well-known professor of singing at Brighton; my concert is always well attended; a Piacere is often used in music; Parodi is a popular singing; Pilotti conducts very often at the piano at concerts (and accompanies singing remarkably well, as I can testify from experience); the Italian Opera is the resort of the *elite*; *Contengolino* (is this right) is a beautiful composition—I am sorry to say that I am so ignorant as never to have heard of this composition; who is the composer of it? Lavenu is a performer on the violoncello (here is another mistake—4, 2, 3, 7, 6, 3, is written, instead of 4, 2, 8, 7, 6, 3); *Puritani* is a charming opera (9, 3, 16, 18, 13, 2, 6, 9, ought to be 1, 3, 16, 18, 13, 2, 6, 9); *Tancredi* is an admired heroic opera; Gorini is a present pianist; Tadolini is a singer, rather *passee*; Rovere is a buffo singer; my rival is the Diva; and elegance, talent, and virtue are attributes of the cantatrice, Pauline Viardot Garcia. The enigma is capable of being made longer, and would, I think, be improved by it,

FIDES.

THE SNOW-SPIRIT.

(Written in Bermuda.)

No! ne'er did the wave in its element steep
 An island of lovelier charms;
 It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
 Like Hebe in Hercules' arms.
 The tint of your bowers is balm to the eye,
 Their melody balm to the ear;
 But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
 And the snow-spirit never comes here.
 The down from his wings is as white as the pearl
 Thy lips for their cabinet stole,
 And it falls on the green earth as melting, my girl,
 As a murmur of thine on the soul.
 Then fly to the clime where he pillows the death,
 As he cradles the birth of the year;
 Bright are your bowers and balmy your breath,
 But the snow-spirit never comes here.
 How sweet to behold him, when borne on the gale,
 And brightening the bosom of morn,
 He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
 O'er the brow of each virginal thorn.
 But think not the veil he so chillingly casts,
 Is the veil of a vestal severe:
 No, no! you will see what a moment it lasts,
 Should the snow-spirit ever come here.
 Then fly to his region, lay open his zone,
 And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
 To think that a bosom as white as his own,
 Should not melt in the day-beam like him.
 Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
 On his luminous path will appear;
 Fly! fly! my beloved, this island is sweet,
 But the snow-spirit cannot come here.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS (From our own Correspondent).—Monday, Sept. 24, 1849.—Roger has returned from Germany, after adding largely to his reputation by his performances in sundry capital cities. He appeared at the Opera on Friday as Ferdinand in *La Favorite*. The theatre was crowded to excess, and the favourite tenor was received, applauded, and fêted even as Nourrit and Duprez in their most popular and palmy days. He sang well, but I do not think the music suits his voice, nor does the passion of the part suit his style of acting. I cannot help feeling that Roger's forte is decidedly comic or romantic opera; the grand opera is beyond him. I do not say this in dispraise of him, for I am one of his staunch admirers; but every man has his specialty, and Roger constitutes no exception to this rule. Madame Jullienne made a very poor substitute for Madame Stoltz in *Leonora*, and M. Desterbeck a still worse for Baroilhet. Sophie Fuoco and Marie Taglioni were the divinities of the ballet, but the sun of dancing did not seem to shine out, having lost the presence of La Carlotta for that night. All I know about the new ballet is, that it is to be in two acts. By the way, all the walls of Paris, and every spare board in the metropolis, is placarded with the name of Madame Wenetozza in gigantic letters, who is announced to make her début as Fenella in the *Muette*; yet nobody seems to know who this new-risen or, more properly, newly expected star happens to be. Some say that she is no other than simply Madame, or Madlle. Caroline, who belonged to the *Theatre de la Nation*, a fair *dansuse* who never ventured, or was never allowed to venture, beyond a *pas d'ensemble*. The *Freyschütz* is in rehearsal for Castellan and Roger, and your *caro amico*, Hector Berlioz, is inditing the recitatives. I do not anticipate the least success from this performance; I

may be premature in this opinion, but I cannot help suspecting strongly that Weber's music will be found *rococo* and *ennuyeuse* to the good folks of the French metropolis. The *Italiens* is still a bone of dissension; Ronconi and the minister have disagreed, and Ronconi, as I learn, has thrown up his dictatorship. If this be true, all the engagements entered into with Angri, Persiani, Lablache, Rosetti, Flavio, Moriani, Morelli, and others, must become null and void; although how Ronconi would fare should the artists have recourse to law, I have not legal knowledge enough to guess. Mr. Lumley, I understand, has applied for the dictatorship—how far true, I know not. Had Ronconi retained the management of the *Italiens*, he intended to have carried on affairs with a very high hand. He would have added Sontag, or Jenny Lind and Corbari to his *troupe*, and rumour goes so far as to say that there was a possibility of his procuring the services of RUBINI for a certain number of nights. Of one thing I would advise you, which is, not to pay the least attention to the intimations of the majority of the French journals. Very few indeed know anything of these matters.

L. K. F.

NAPLES (From a Correspondent).—Vico Carminella, Sept. 10, 1849.—I should have written long ere this, but have had nothing of the slightest interest to relate. The state of music at Naples is at a very low ebb. The performance at St. Carlos is very indifferent, the singers, with one exception, being mediocrities. The exception is Bassini, or De Bassini, as he is sometimes styled. He has a fine, powerful organ, and sings with great fervour. He reminds me of Coletti much, but I think him better. The worst of it is, now-a-days, Verdi's works are so much the rage, that the singer runs the risk of having his voice broken down in a very short time. I am convinced nothing can stand the wear and tear of the "Young Maestro's" force-pump operas. Bassini is a young man, with a strong, fresh, and uninjured voice as yet; but how long will this last if he goes on night after night screaming and tearing the roof off his palate in *Ernani* or *Due Foscari*? Among the numberless operas in which Tamburini and Lablache have appeared, how many of Verdi's can be named? Can ONE? We believe not. Bassini's talents will not only be lost in Italy, but his capabilities will be endangered. I have seen him several times, and without calling him a Tamburini or a Roneoni, I think he would be a great acquisition to either of your London Italian houses.

By the way, I went to a grand concert lately, and was much pleased with the singing of a young Irishman who writes himself Gustavus Geary. He has come all the way from Dublin to Naples to study vocalization under Signor Rossi, who is the best master in this place, and, as Mercadante told me lately, one of the best in Italy. Mr. Geary has a well-toned, strong, manly, tenor voice, and sings with great feeling. He has the best middle voice I have heard for a long time. He was loudly applauded, and was encored in the aria, "Come rugiuda al Cespote," from *Ernani*, and in a romanza of Mercadante, "La dea di tutti core." In fact, he more than afforded universal satisfaction, and has been, I understand, invited to several musical reunions since. A gentleman belonging to the *Athenaeum* was present, and it is more than probable that you will find an article in that journal corroborative of my feelings on Mr. Gustavus Geary.

I could tell you much of politics, but I fear that would but indifferently interest your readers; so, having nothing further musical to relate or discuss, I shall bid you farewell. I shall be at Vienna in December, and at St. Petersburg, perhaps, in January. You may depend on hearing from me, E. E.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"The Royal Italian Opera Quadrilles;" dedicated to the Subscribers of the Royal Italian Opera, by H. A. B.—W. WYBROW.

The author, or authoress we suspect, in selecting themes from operas produced at the Royal Italian Opera, has been more fortunate in the themes than the operas from which they were selected. It is no compliment to Covent Garden to specify *Anna Bolena*, *Favorita*, and *Donna del Lago* as among the productions of the great establishment, for, being dedicated to the subscribers, we take for granted the author, or authoress, intended to compliment the theatre and all belonging thereto; and we are at a loss to understand why the *Huguenots*, *Masaniello*, or the *Prophète* were not called out to furnish subjects. The quadrilles, nevertheless, are very good and are set simply and neatly.

A NUT FOR THE JAWS OF
MUSICAL ENIGMA HEROES.

My whole is a fool.

My 6, 11, 4, 5, 17, 7, 13, is the name of three well-known 1, 2, 2, 3, 10, 5, 4, 6, 9, 3.

My 6, 1, 17, 7, 7, is the 11, 5, 16, 1, 6, 9, for 13, 12, 10, 9, 17, 16.

My 13, 7, 7, 15, 11, 16, 4, has immortalized himself by 1, 4, 3, 15, 16, 15, 16.

My 6, 7, 7, 4, 11, 16, 17, and 3, 5, 14, 9, 8, 7, 7, are the same.

My 6, 1, 17, 16, 17, 3, 17, demands feeling.

My 6, 9, 5, 17, 16, 18! is the reward of a good 3, 4, 9, 11, 8, 16.

My 18, 9, 10, 1, 2, 5, 4, 6, wrote 1, 6, 3, 3, 8, 3, for 9, 8, 16, 10.

My 13, 16, 4, 17, 9, saved his life by his 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

My 6, 16, 9, 15, made money by it.

My 18, 3, 17, 16, was a kind of harp.

My 5, 6, 8, 5, 4, 7, 10, 13, is said to have invented 17, 6, 11, 13, 9.

My 5, 13, 9, 17, 9, may be *apertus*, *firmus*, *enigmaticus*, *perpetue*, or *finitus*.

My 8, 5, 14, 4, was a celebrated 3, 10, 9, 11, 15, 16.

My 5, 14, 8, 9, 3, 17, 9, 11, is a 3, 17, 9, 11.

My 5, 14, 17, 16, 6, 7, is sung in 5, 14, 2, 16, 5, 14.

My 5, 4, 1, 6, 16, 17, 3, 13, was the successor of 3, 13, 7, 4, 8, 16, 10, and the composer of 3, 8, 1, 10, 16, 6, 12, 4, 3, which has also been composed by 16, 17, 3, 8, 4, 9, 10, and by 14, 4, 12, 1, 8, 7.

My 5, 17, 16, 8, 7, 7, 4, was termed the musical 13, 16, 5, 14, 6, 9, 11, 8, 7, 17.

My 15, 5, 14, 17, is a repercussion of sound.

My 8, 4, 5, 14, 17, 16, 9, are two brothers of great musical talent.

My 11, 6, 11, 7, 10, 6, 9, 17, was one of the founders of the modern dramatic music.

My 11, 4, 9, 10, 3, how rare art thou!

My 11, 10, 11, 2, 8, is a sort of dance, now nearly obsolete.

My 11, 7, 6, 3, 15, 16, three German musicians of talent.

My 11, 16, 6, 2, 9, a favourite of Frederic the Great.

My 11, 16, 8, 5, 15, is not in every melody.

My 11, 16, 17, 3, 14, 15, 4, 1, was a celebrated German writer on music.

My 14, 13, 3, 3, 8, the celebrated singer whom the Italians called 4, 7, 5, 6, 16, 17, 3, 13, 3, 3, 17, 9, 15.

My 14, 17, 16, 9, the name of a brass instrument, of two celebrated organ builders, and a composer.

My 14, 2, 12, 1, 15, 7, a great pianist.

My 7, 13, 9, 9, 8, 16, is one of the favourites of the ball-room.

My 7, 8, 17, was a true musical lion.

My 7, 17, 7, 17, the musical grammar of the Chinese.

My 12, 6, 16, 15, was one of the greatest German singers.

My 12, 15, 16, 5, 8, 7, 7, 17, was the celebrated composer of fifty psalms.

My 12, 13, 16, 8, 9, 5, 4, 17, *il più dolce ligno*.

My 12, 6, 16, 3, 15, 10, 7, 7, 13, 4, 8, 8, "Allons enfans de la patrie!"

My 12, 4, 9, 9, 10, 1, look at the 150th Psalm to find me out.

My 12, 10, 3, 8, 16, 15, 16, 8, "Have mercy on me."

My 12, 17, 3, 5, 14, 8, 7, 15, 3, as great a pianist as 14, 2, 1, 12, 8, 7.

My 12, 2, 8, 7, 15, 16, the name of no less than seventeen musicians and composers.

My 12, 2, 3, 8, 3, are the patrons of 1, 2, 3, 10, 5.

My 9, 6, 8, 11, 15, 7, 4, "Life let us cherish!"

My 9, 8, 1, 12, 6, were musical signs.

My 17, 16, 11, 13, 9, a wind instrument.

My 16, 6, 1, 8, 13, 2, the inventor of a peculiar musical system.

My 16, 8, 4, 5, 14, 6, a musical theorist.

My 16, 8, 3, 17, 9, 13, 9, 5, 15, a necessary quality of a music room.

My 16, 17, 3, 6, 7, 10, 8, a musical term, which derived its name from the first line of an Italian song.

My 16, 17, 3, 3, 4, 9, 10, "Sleepest thou, Ligia?"

My 16, 17, 2, 3, 3, 15, 13, 2, was the creator of the melodrama.

My 14, 6, 9, 3, 3, 13, 5, 14, 8,

"Who was a shoe-Maker, and a poet too?"

My 3, 13, 7, 17, 1, 17, 9, a benefactor to the music of England.

My 3, 5, 14, 4, 7, 7, 10, 9, 11, the editor of a book worth many.

My 3, —, 14, 4, 7, 7, 10, 9, 11s, to the musician.

My 3, 4, 14, 2, 9, 6, 9, 9, a great piano player, married to a still greater one.

My 3, 8, 5, 6, 16, 13, 16, 6, an exciting dance.

My 3, 8, 3, 3, 4, the name of seven celebrated singers.

My 12, 2, 3, 10, 5, 6, 7, 15, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, a musical humbug.

My 12, 2, 3, 4, 5, 13, 7, 11, 7, 6, 3, 3, 8, 3, probably the instrument on which Harriet A. B.—e, the compounder of the last enigma, excels.

My 6, 7, 13, 2, 11, 14, the reward for pains taken to solve my enigma.

THE DANCING CHANCELLORS.

(From *Punch*.)

IT seems that the illustrious Nathan is not the only Baron who seeks distinction in the mazy dance; but his brother Barons, Brougham and Lyndhurst, are ready to contest with him the Terpsichorean crown, and we should scarcely be surprised to hear of the first-named Peer having rushed into the egg arena as a competitor with the hero of a hundred eggshells. We shall begin to think when such noblemen as Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst begin to pride themselves on their dancing, it will become a question whether Nathan may not become "a discontented Baron," if he is not called up to the House of Lords as first Earl of Entrechat.

We had imagined that the accomplished Brougham had already distinguished himself in every science and art, but this wonderful man has yet to make a saltatory reputation, and we have no doubt, that though he only begins at a period of life when the dancing days are usually considered to be over, he will leave the imprint of his footsteps on the sands of time as he goes dancing down to posterity. As he has lately adopted the science of agriculture, he will perhaps render the more graceful subservient to the more useful pursuit, and we may expect to find him inventing a new ballet to be danced in wooden shoes, and to be called the "Clod Crushers." Every novelty had apparently been exhausted in the shape of Sylphides, Daughters of Air, Spirits of Water, and Children of Fire; but it will be reserved for Lord Brougham to compose a *divertissement*, called *Les Fils de la Terre*, or the Sons of Earth, introducing a *Pas de Clod-crushers*, with real clods; and as a final *tableau* is always considered necessary, an effect, à *La Fiorita*, with its real fountains, might easily be produced by a grand distribution of liquid manure, on the newest principle. The ingenious and indefatigable Mons. Jullien will of course avail himself of the story told by Lord Brougham, to prepare for his next series of concerts—

THE LEGAL QUADRILLE.

And since the Army and Navy have long had their respective quadrilles, it is only fair that the Law should be similarly honoured.

This very novel feature of next season's Promenade Concerts will of course be got up with the liberality usually be-

stowed by the Mons on his new productions; and the same enterprise which took him into the mountains in search of cow's horns, upon which to accompany the "Ranz des Vaches," for the Swiss Quadrille, will inevitably carry him into the Courts of Law in quest of all kinds of legal instruments to be added to his orchestra for the purpose of making the performance of the Legal Quadrille as perfect as possible. The drums and tambourines will be covered with the parchment of real deeds, and that very piercing instrument, a *fi-fa*, will be added to the ordinary fifes on the occasion. The Time will, of course, be 6-eight throughout; and a rapid movement, consisting of a run up and down the scales of Justice, will form a part of the accompaniment. We may anticipate from the descriptive powers of the Mons Jullien, something like the following announcement of the contemplated novelty:—

FIGURE 1. Rising of the Sun, and sitting of the Court—Slow movement of the Motions of Course—Filing and double-filing of the Bills—Slow advance of the professional combatants, and rapid advance of the Money by the Suitors.

FIGURE 2. Slow movement in sixteen Crotchetts—Grand chassez-croissez of the Counsel from side to side, and balancez of the Chancellor.

FIGURE 3. Down the middle of the Long Vacation, and back again—Hands across, and hands over—The Suitors handing the fees across to the Solicitors, and the Solicitors handing them over to the Counsel.

FIGURE 4. The leading couple of Counsel pair off in opposite directions, leaving the junior couple, or couple of juniors, setting to each other, and coming round to their first positions.

FIGURE 5. Grand round for all the Counsel, and final advance by the Suitors, who, after their last advance, are thrown off on both sides, and are left to retire—Both couples of counsel join hands, and the Quadrille concludes with a Grand Crash in two flats, followed by a movement of four sharps in a *scherzo* through several rapid passages leading up to A minor, whose notes go off into minims until they reach the lowest minimum.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. LEWIS, so well known as the manager of the Liverpool theatre, died in Paris last week, suddenly, after a short illness.

MADAME BORSI DELURIE, the fair *cantatrice*, whom we announced in our last as about to leave London immediately, does not depart for some time yet, her engagements in Italy not requiring her attendance so soon.

THE HAYMARKET commences operations on Monday night, with the *Love Chase*, in which the charming Nisbett will charm all hearts that are liable to be charmed.

FUNERAL PEAL FOR A VETERAN RINGER.—On Sunday, the change-ringers of Oldham rung a touch of 1100 changes of Grandsire Cinques, in memory of John Brierly, a change-ringer of that place, who died of cholera on the 13th inst., after a sickness of nine hours, in the 69th year of his age. The deceased had been a ringer upwards of forty years, and has rung in the following peals, viz.:—In 1821, he assisted in ringing Mr. Eversfield's peal of Kent Treble Bob Major, consisting of 14,016 changes; in 1832, in a peal of Treble Bob Maximus, consisting of 7392 changes; in 1825, in a peal of Grandsire Major, consisting of 9999 changes; besides upwards of fifty peals of more than 5000 changes each. He lived respected and died lamented.

SIGNOR PALTONI has been engaged to perform the part of Don Pasquale to the Norma of Madlle. Albini, at Cheltenham, where the great contralto-soprano appears to-night in Donizetti's pleasing opera.

MADAME SONTAG has presented a donation of £50 to the Birmingham General Hospital.

JOHN PARRY is advertised for Cheltenham, October 28th, where he will give one of his Entertainments, and which will also be under the care of Messrs. Hale and Son.

LIVERPOOL ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—The spirited proprietor of this theatre has gratified his townsmen for the past week in giving them an opportunity of again witnessing the performances of Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Mr. Buckstone. During the engagement, a fine selection from the drama and light comedy, has been performed nightly to crowded audiences, who have shown their approval of the entertainments, and the manner in which they have been produced, by exclamations of delight and peals of unbounded laughter. It would be superfluous in us to pass any eulogy on the performances of Buckstone or Mrs. Fitzwilliam, as their merits are too well known to require this at our hands, and all that we need say is, that they have on this occasion added one leaf more to the wreath which has been weaving for them since their first appearance on the stage. We must not, however, forget to mention the song, "The maid with the milking pail," sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, in the comic drama of the same title. It is a simple but a pretty composition, and was sung with much sweetness and taste, and called forth rapturous applause. We were glad to see the theatre so well filled.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—On Wednesday evening this popular place of entertainment was re-opened, under the superintendence of Mr. Wardell, the former proprietor. It was not to be expected that the gardens would be very numerously attended at a period of the year when the world of London is supposed to be "out of town," and when those who are fond of amusements are inclined to seek them within doors. But notwithstanding the disadvantages under which the "royal property" laboured on this occasion, there was a tolerable sprinkling of visitors. The entertainments consisted of a vocal and instrumental concert, in which Miss Rafter, Mrs. Aveling Smith, Miss Hodson, Mr. Rafter, Mr. S. Jones, and Mr. Sharpe, appeared; the extraordinary evolutions of the "renowned Bedouin Arabs;" equestrian performances in the circle; and a display of fireworks after the most approved fashion. The select few who honoured the gardens with their presence appeared perfectly satisfied with the amusements provided for them, but there was necessarily an absence of that spirit and animation which are observable in more genial seasons.

A NORMAL SCHOOL OF MUSIC FOR MANCHESTER.—We have received a long letter addressed by Dr. Mainzer to the Mayor of Manchester, with his worship's answer appended, for neither of which can we find space; but as the object of the writer is one we cordially approve, we cheerfully announce that it is his intention to open in Newall's Buildings, Market Street, under the name of "The Normal Music School of Manchester," classes for male and female teachers of day and Sunday schools, apprentice teachers, monitors, and monitors, children of the various schools of the town and its vicinity, and for the operatives in workshops and factories. Dr. Mainzer argues for the universality of the language of music, and then says,—“If this universal language of music, when brought into close association with select, sacred and moral poetry, appropriated to age and circumstances, afford the means of pure, innocent, cheering, and elevating recreation for every man, and especially for the labouring classes, then measures should surely be taken to make music an element in the education of youth, and available as a powerful moral agent in the promotion of the progress of society and the happiness of man. There is, however, little practical attention paid to the extension of music, and hence the singing in churches is often void of dignity, and bears not always the stamp of sacredness appropriate to place and purpose. Let sacred music,” he adds, “be taught in schools, and it will soon be heard in churches—will soon embellish and adorn domestic life. Until, however, the future teachers have found schools at which they can obtain for themselves the necessary knowledge and acquirements, no national results can possibly be expected.” Dr. Mainzer asks for the support of the public in the experiment, which he makes on his own responsibility. He has already received the assurance of the countenance of the mayor, who has promised to invite such of his fellow-townsmen as are most likely to feel an interest in the plan, to meet at the Town Hall, for the purpose of considering in what way and by what means the object can be most efficiently promoted.—*Manchester Courier*.

THE LATE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.—The *Clonmel Chronicle* says:—"A Dublin solicitor has just been in Clonmel, for the purpose of exactly ascertaining the age of the late Countess of Blessington, in reference to an insurance claim. She was not so old at her death as the newspapers said, having been married in 1804, at the early age of fifteen years, so that she was only sixty years old at her decease."

THE YANKEE.—An American has said of his countrymen, that the genuine Yankee would not be able to repose in heaven itself if he could not travel westward. He must go a-head. Prophecy looks forward to the time when the valley of the Mississippi shall overflow with this restless population—and Europe be subject to a new migration. "What do I consider the boundaries of my country, sir?" exclaimed a Kentuckian. "Why, sir, on the east we are bounded by the rising sun, on the north by the aurora borealis, on the west by the procession of the equinoxes, and on the south by the day of judgment!"—*Athenaeum*.

GIARDINI, when asked how long it would take to learn to play on the fiddle, answered—"Twelve hours a day for twenty years together." The great violinist must have given this answer in joke; if six hours a day for a dozen years will not make a first-rate player—nay, much less, if the learner possess what is called genius—the whole long life will not accomplish the object. No point connected with musical study is more mistaken than that of practice: it is not so much the time bestowed, as the undivided attention, the fixedness, the "concentration" of the mind while practising.

RULES FOR WRITERS.—A contemporary lays down the following pithy code of newspaper bye-laws. They are the best we have ever seen drawn up:—1. Be brief. This is the age of telegraphy and stenography. 2. Be pointed. Don't write all round a subject without hitting it. 3. State facts; don't stop to moralize—it's drowsy business. Let the reader do his own dreaming. 4. Eschew prefaces; plunge at once into your subject, like a swimmer in cold water. 5. If you have written a sentence that you think particularly fine, draw your pen through it—a pet child is always the worst in the family. 6. Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then record it in the shortest possible terms: we want thoughts in their quintessence. 7. When your article is complete, strike out nine-tenths of the adjectives. The English is a strong language, but won't bear too much "reducing." 8. Avoid all high-flowing language; the plainest Anglo-Saxon words are the best. Never use stilts when legs will do as well. 9. Make your sentences short. Every period is a milestone, at which the reader may halt and rest himself. 10. Write legibly.

CHELTENHAM.—Sontag, Lablache, and Thalberg, perform on Saturday next (to day), and our correspondent informs us every reserved seat has long been taken, and others added, which are eagerly sought after, five shillings premium was offered for tickets previously disposed of, but none could be had. The concert is under the management of Messrs. Hale and Son, which, as in most former cases, will ensure a bumper.

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